

Edgefield Advertiser.

Oldest Newspaper In South Carolina

VOL. 79.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1914

NO. 4.

MR. LAKE INTERVIEWED.

Rev. John Lake Gives Out Interesting Information Concerning Conditions in China.

While admitting that at present things look rather pessimistic in China and that there has been an adverse reaction following the two years of rapid advancement made by the young republic, the Rev. John Lake, missionary at Canton, who is at the sanitarium, believes that there will be a change for the better in the near future, and that once started the republic will thrive and advance rapidly.

Mr. Lake states that the Chinese are quick to learn and that already great things have been accomplished with them by outside workers. Many of the barbarous customs such as binding the feet of the women, wearing of pig tails, and so on, have been almost entirely abolished in this part of China.

For the past ten years Mr. Lake and his wife have been in the Baptist mission in Canton. While a great deal of work has been done in the city itself, they have had charge of chapels and schools spread over several hundred miles of territory in the Sz Yap region, near Canton, and both he and his wife were often called upon to make trips several hundred miles up the shallow rivers in light draft barges.

Owing to the fact that most of these rivers are only a few inches deep the boats are necessarily small and for weeks at a time Mr. Lake and his wife have lived in a small "junk," occupying one side of the small shelter, while the Chinese family that owned the boat occupied the other half. The cabins on these river boats are so low that a person can not stand up in them.

During a very trying voyage in October in one of these crude crafts, Mrs. Lake's health gave out and realizing that she was in a critical condition Mr. Lake rushed with her to a small island in the ocean, not far from land where a chapel was located, hoping that the fresh air would be good for her. He was advised however to come to America where she could receive proper care.

Having heard of the sanitarium, he decided to come to Battle Creek. He passed Shanghai on November 1 en route to America, and a short time afterwards was on the bosom of the stormy Pacific, on board the Empress of Russia. He reached Battle Creek on November 29. Before January 7 he was again in China in the longitude of Shanghai, having circumnavigated the globe in less than two months, over two weeks of which time was spent on a speaking tour in the southern states of America. In reality then, he had been round the world in less than 45 traveling days. After the annual meeting in his territory he was granted a furlough and late in January he again sailed for America, this time on the Monzolia. The captain and crew stated that this was one of the stormiest passages that the ship had ever had. He reached Battle Creek on February 26, and is now at the sanitarium for a few weeks rest following a strenuous life of 10 years. He will spend a good share of his furlough in making speeches in America. He will talk not alone in English, because he expects to make several speeches in the Chinese sections of a number of large cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Lake have written and published a number of books for Chinese children and grown-ups. Mr. Lake has also edited several Chinese religious magazines. All of these books and magazines are started at the upper right corner of what would be the last page in English and read backward, as looked at from an American standpoint. Mr. Lake is also a very pleasing writer of poetry and he has published one volume of his verses. Most of these were written impromptu to his wife in letters which he sent her from time to time. In his last journey he sent a poem from almost every stop. One describing a trip across the continent on the trans-Siberian railroad is especially good. Mrs. Lake has saved these poems and copied them in a note book and they will probably be published in the future. The money which Mr. Lake receives for this work he uses in missionary

work. Latest word from the sanitarium indicates that Mrs. Lake is recovering and that she is feeling a great deal better than she did when she arrived. She will spend most of her year's furlough in resting and getting into shape to resume her activities in China.

Interview in Battle Creek paper.

One Deadly Spark.

There are a few, we are glad to say, who are still ashamed to call for "Dope" when they take cold drinks. But some have become (and are daily becoming) such fiends that they have neither the nerve nor time to say "coca-cola." This seems to be a small matter, but it is kindling a great fire both among men and women. One young man could not hold a responsible position because he was a coca-cola fiend. A young lady wound up in an hour of ill-fame because she testified that her nerves were so far gone that she had no resisting power. These are only two of thousands of the victims. I am in doubt now as to which I would risk my child's drinking—dope or whiskey? And yet I have seen something that looked like a mother, but was a silly fool, give her baby in arms this stuff to drink. Dope is doing its deadly work all the while. Our coming generation will reap our sowing. And they will either have whiskey straight or opiates to steady the nerve. Some say it has no effect on them. Who would believe such a lie? For why is it drunk then, if it has no effect? I admit that some believe this, and do not intend to believe it, but when a drink of the stuff at dark keeps one man awake all night, it will be hard to make the world believe that there is nothing to it. We drink it now; our children will drink whiskey or eat opium as a result.

We are trying to persuade you to give up this little god whom you worship daily with nickels poured into a bottomless tank; this you will have to do in the future, or you will get to something stronger. If we knew how many thousands are giving up the habit all over the country, some of us would go and do likewise. Occasionally, if a friend invites me or I feel dull and have a headache, observe, I will take a root beer with a little coca-cola in it because the latter is effective. But the fiend cannot enjoy this relief, no more than a man can really enjoy a smoke who smokes all the time. He thinks he enjoys it. It is the habit he enjoys and not the thing that makes the habit. I knew a man who had the habit of, and found pleasure in beating his head with his hand. At last, we become senseless after a while and just like a piece of machinery. If a person wishes to enjoy a thing, he must not wear out the thing with which he enjoys it. When a fellow smokes and dopes together, he is setting fire to one end and drowning the other. It is a great pity that the legislature does not pass a law compelling our young ladies and young men to spend one day every three years in the lunatic asylum and the state penitentiary, during which school days they would have ocular demonstrations of the causes that led up to so much misery. They are ignorant! Alas, no one seems to care enough for them to even write a friendly letter like this for them. And I doubt that all of them will appreciate this letter; but surely will, and in after years thank the dead man for his good advice. You might put this in your scrap book for others to read. And in the next generation our children will say, "why, that man was a prophet; for our fathers have used dope and we are opium fiends." I love the youth of the land; I am too patriotic to be silent when a word should be spoken in due time to save the youth from wreck and ruin. This generation is doing fairly well, because we are still drawing on the reserve forces of our parents who could not live as we do even if they had wanted to. But this force is daily being exhausted. What then?

E. C. Bailey.

Chamberlain's Tablets For Constipation.

For constipation, Chamberlain's tablets are excellent. Easy to take, mild and gentle in effect. Give them a trial. For sale by all dealers.

JOHNSTON LETTER.

Bonds Voted For School Building. Week of Prayer Observed. Mrs. Boatwright Entertained.

On last Tuesday an election was held as to whether or not the town should be bonded for the erection of the \$25,000 school building. The election was in favor of educational advancement, being 100 against 39. This is the second election, last year being 78 for 79 against.

The News Monitor was purchased last week by a stock company, with Dr. W. S. Stokes as editor and Junius Bailey assistant editor. H. C. Bailey, former editor, is still associated with the paper, but at a later date contemplates entering upon another line of business.

Mrs. A. C. Mobley went to Denmark on Friday taking with her Carol and Mims Mobley, that they might visit their grandmother, Mrs. Carroll, who is ill.

The Baptist mission society observed last week as one of special prayer for home missions, and each afternoon a very helpful and interesting program was carried out by the following members conducting the different meetings: Mesdames M. F. Turner, J. A. Lott, S. G. Mobley, G. G. Waters and O. R. Reese. The offering amounted to about \$75. On last Sunday afternoon, the Sunbeam band had a special service arranged by their leader, Mrs. W. J. Hatcher and each member rendered their part well and all present enjoyed the exercises. Their offering was \$15. The senior and junior Y. W. A's each had special meetings but the offerings have not been completed.

Rev. S. Perrin Cogburn, pastor at Hampton, filled the pulpit of the Baptist church on Sunday morning, using as his theme, "In harmony with God." His discourse was a splendid one, and all listened to him with keen interest. Mr. Cogburn prefaced his sermon with an illustration of his boyhood days spent here, and of his pleasure in being before his friends. He is in close touch with a former pastor, Rev. W. T. Hundley, and he stated that they often had sweet talks concerning bygone days, and of their abiding interest in the continued welfare of the church.

Mrs. Burrell T. Boatwright entertained the Pi Tau club and a few other friends on Friday afternoon in a thoroughly charming manner at her attractive colonial home, "The Cedars," an invitation to this home being always a guarantee of happy hours. An air of mystery was caused by the decorations of the parlors, which were of various love emblems, hearts, cupids and arrows. For the progressive game to be played, the score cards were red hearts and tally was kept with red cupids. Mesdames Leon Stansell and James Cullum made the highest score, the former winning the prize by cutting a framed picture of cupid. Miss Frances Strother was presented with an honor prize, sealed with hearts, and as the hostess presented it to her, she announced Miss Strother's engagement to Mr. Carl Richards, of Norfolk, Va., the marriage to take place during the summer months. This came as a partial surprise and after the excitement, many good wishes were given. Miss Strother is greatly beloved not only by the club members, but by a wide circle of friends, and the fact that her marriage will remove her from their midst, is thought of with regret. During the latter part of the afternoon the hostess assisted by Miss Nina Ozuts, served sandwiches heart shaped, olives and Russian tea, followed by blanc mange, with Lady Baltimore cake Music by Miss Nina Ozuts added pleasure.

A. B. Lott had the misfortune to break his right arm, while cranking a car last Friday. In giving the crank shaft a turn, it slipped from his grasp and struck, breaking both bones between elbow and wrist.

The many friends of Frank Warren now of Pennsylvania, were delighted to greet him while here for a short visit last week in the home of his father, Col. F. M. Warren.

Miss Winton Lott was operated on for appendicitis last week at the city hospital, Augusta. Her mother, Mrs. T. D. Lott has been with her

and her condition is much improved.

Mrs. Edwin Mobley will attend the D. A. R. congress at Washington, D. C., during the latter part of April.

Mesdames B. B. Jones and W. W. Ramsey of Edgefield were guests of Mrs. G. G. Waters on Thursday. John H. McKnight of Shelby, N. C., has been for a visit here.

Mrs. Frank Crouch of Saluda has been visiting in the home of her father, Mr. S. J. Watson.

Visitors to Augusta during the past week were Mrs. Frances H. Williams, Misses Nina Ozuts, Orlena Cartledge and Elise Crouch.

Mrs. Alfred Wolfe, of Augusta, spent a few days of the past week here with Miss Mallie Waters.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Marsh and Miss Maud Nickerson made an automobile trip to Columbia during the week.

Mrs. C. A. Brunson of Augusta, and Mrs. D. N. Dorn of Parkville, have been visiting in the home of Dr. J. A. Dobey.

Mrs. John W. Browne and children have gone to Washington, D. C. to visit relatives.

The serious condition of Mrs. John E. Swearingen is a matter of deep regret to her friends. After the operation of last week in the Augusta hospital, it was found that she was suffering from a cancer, and her physician gave the family very little hope of her recovery.

Cadets W. Wallace Turner and Frank Kenny of Clemson college spent the week end at their homes, returning Tuesday morning. Following examinations Dr. Riggs, president, gave the body of students a short holiday in consideration of the week of examinations just completed. Johnston has four representatives, the other two cadets being Willie Pearce Stevens and Ray Horne. The very creditable examinations that they have made, and similar good reports of these four are gratifying to friends and relatives.

News From The Deestrick Skule.

Professor Obediah Threewitts has opened a select school in Edgefield, which will be taught by the good old time "rule of the hickory stick" and the blue back speller, the dunce stool and Friday speakin'.

Professor Threewitts has only agreed to take a certain number into his skule, and as the young people of Edgefield are anxious to get an education the school is already full. No one else need apply.

A grand exhibition and speakin' day will take place in the Edgefield opera house, Friday April 17. The old fashioned curtesy, and teachin' in manners, as well as behavior will be one of the specialties of Professor Threewitts. This great teacher has no favorites, but uses the hickory impartially on girls as well as boys.

If you want to know who is in our school, go to the exhibition in the opera house April 20.

The skule is well under way. Through the generosity of our clerk of court, Mr. W. B. Cogburn, the court house is being used for some sessions of the skule. I suppose it would not be out of place to say that our clerk of court is a student in the Deestrick Skule as well as our supervisor Mr. A. A. Edmunds, a d most of our prominent men and women, realizing the advantages of a thorough knowledge of readin' 'ritin' and 'rithmetic, are taking advantage of this skule. All the professions are represented except the M. D's. They had to be left free to tend on the people who split their sides and go into convulsions of laughter on Friday night at the exhibition. They have already engaged seats, because it will be a money-making thing for them. We hear the Trenton and Johnston doctors are coming too.

The request came in to Professor Threewitts to add on a kindergarten school, but he don't believe in none of these new fangled notions. No child under six is allowed to his school.

If this don't find its way to the wastebasket, I will write some more news from our skule next week! But you'll put this in Mr. Editor, because you believe in helping the schools. I am

Thankful Walpole,

(What tells tales out of skule.)

MR. WATERS INJURED.

Automobile Struck by Freight Train. Right Foot Amputated. Sustained Other Bruises.

Mr. C. M. Waters, age 24 years and traveling salesman for Lyon, Merritt & Co., wholesale grocers of Augusta, is now lying at the city hospital with his right foot amputated a few inches above the ankle, and Mr. Kell Fowler, a salesman for a New Orleans concern, is slightly injured, which was somewhat of a miracle, as the result of a Ford automobile, being driven by Mr. Waters, colliding with a Southern Railroad freight train in Bath, S. C., at 8:30 o'clock Monday morning.

The two men were picked up by the train crew and rushed to the city hospital here in the caboose of the train, arriving at 9:20 o'clock. Mr. Waters was immediately put upon the operating table and when last heard from was resting well. Mr. Fowler, after his injuries were examined by a surgeon, was able to leave for his hotel. Besides having his right foot severed, Mr. Waters suffered several severe bruises about the body and head.

The two gentlemen left Augusta at 8 o'clock Monday morning and were headed for Aiken, S. C., where they were going to start soliciting for their respective firms. Just prior to their arrival at Bath, S. C., the road lay across the Southern Railway right of way, and not hearing the approaching train, the automobile proceeded to cross the track. On reaching the middle of the railway track a freight train was right upon them, and the automobile was struck amidship.

The two gentlemen said that they felt a heavy jar and fully realized what had happened. They were tossed several feet out of the car to one side of the right of way. On hitting the ground Mr. Waters discovered that his right foot was badly crushed, he having felt the pain when the accident occurred.

The freight train proceeded for several yards before the engineer was able to bring his engine to a stop. He immediately reversed and went full speed back to the scene, and the two men were picked up by the train crew and placed in the caboose. The engineer was ordered to go full speed to Augusta, and while en route the crew tied a strong cord tightly around the bleeding artery of Mr. Waters' leg.

On the train's arrival in Augusta the men were hurriedly carried to the city hospital, where they were met by Dr. Henry Michel, surgeon for the Southern Railway, and, with the aid of Dr. Henry Goodrich, who was called in for consultation, Mr. Waters was carried to the operating room at 10:30 o'clock and placed upon the table.

At a late hour last night Mr. Waters was getting along as well as could be expected.—Augusta Chronicle.

Flint Hill Duel Sports.

Editor Advertiser:—I am going to relate an incident that took place while the seventh South Carolina regiment was in camp at Flint Hill, Virginia, of which I was a witness of the facts leading to the challenge and also a witness at the duel.

And I shall never forget just how I felt that morning, for everything that took place there was burnt into my memory then and it is as fresh to-day. It was this way. Ernest Seibles was our major. I was a private soldier on duty, my beat being in front of his tent. Buck and forth I would tramp; and in this tent major Seibles and Capt. Bland, both of the seventh regiment and (bosom friends) were engaged in a friendly game of chess. A difference arose, then a dispute, hot words, and at last insult given that could not be recalled nor allowed to pass unnoticed. Challenge is offered by Capt. Bland and accepted by major Seibles, seconds appointed, pistols chosen; distance, twenty paces; time sunrise next morning, on a hillside across the branch near the outskirts of the camp. This duel I was determined to see if possible. My captain, J. H. Brooks was Capt. Bland's second, and Col. A. B. Cash of the eighth South Carolina regiment was major Seibles' second. About gray dawn J. W. Eldison and

myself slipped off over the branch and crawled through the brush and over logs and lay down behind a big poplar tree. In a short while we saw a lone ambulance coming from the other side of the hill, followed by two surgeons, then the principals with their seconds at a respectful distance. On reaching the spot chosen lots were cast for choice of stations. This fell to Capt. Bland. The distance was measured with mechanical exactness, dueling pistols produced, each second loading that of his principal. The regular dueling pistol is a costly affair and of the very finest material. Long slim rifle barrel with hammer underneath, the stock finely chiseled and elaborately ornamented with silver or gold, the whole about ten inches in length and carrying a bullet of 22 calibre. The seconds took their places at an equal distance from each other and midway between the principals. Capt. Bland takes his position at the west end of the field, and major Seibles the east. Both stood confronting each other, calm, and defiant, an insult to be wiped out, and honor to be sustained. They turned facing the rear, hands down, with pistols in the right. The seconds called out in calm deliberate tones, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Then, "Ready, aim, fire."

"One, two, three, stop." The shooting must take place between the words "fire and stop," or during the count of one, two, three. There was a matter at issue dearer than country, wife or child. It was honor and a true South Carolinian of the old stock, would give or take life to uphold his name or the honor of his family. As the word fire was given two pistol shots rang out on the stillness of the morning air. Capt. Bland stands still erect, commanding as an Indian brave, straight and slender as the mountain pine. Major Seibles remains steady for a moment, then sways a little to the left, staggers and falls into the arms of his second and surgeon. A hasty examination is made. Blood! calls out the second of major Seibles. A nod of satisfaction is given and acknowledged by both seconds. Capt. Bland retires on the arm of his second Capt. J. H. Brooks, with the major now bleeding profusely from a wound in the chest. The matter was kept quiet and no action taken. Major Seibles died the following year, while the gallant Bland was killed at Chickamauga while leading as colonel the seventh regiment in battle.

Some years before this I had read an account of the duel between Brooks and Wigfall, believing then that the code of honor was the best way to settle a difficulty. And now through my veins blood was running like quicksilver, singing to me the sweet song of life. And this duel I must see though we were a little closer than I cared to be, but the log and vines kept us from view. And after seeing what I did, I concluded that it was foolishness for two men to face each other in deadly combat, calm and deliberate, waiting for the other fellow to say when and how to strike, and after plenty of time to meditate and think how foolish and awful the crime. It simply takes a man with a steel nerve, and an iron will to fight that way. I decided then and of the opinion that dueling is murder in the first degree. I can understand how men can fight on the impulse of the moment while the brain storm is on. But from that day to this, I have looked upon the code of honor so called, as foolishness.

J. Russell Wright.

President of Board of Trade.

Our young friend Cleveland Callison fills a prominent place in the community life of Lexington, having steadily grown in the confidence of the people there from the day he first cast his lot among them. The Lexington correspondent to The State had the following to say of Mr. Callison's election as president of the Lexington Board of Trade: "T. C. Callison, president of the Lexington Board of Trade, is a prominent young member of the Lexington bar, being the junior member of the law firm of Thurmond, Timmerman & Callison. He is a young man of sterling worth, with ability and character, and with enthusiasm, all of which is necessary to promote the best interests of the new organization."